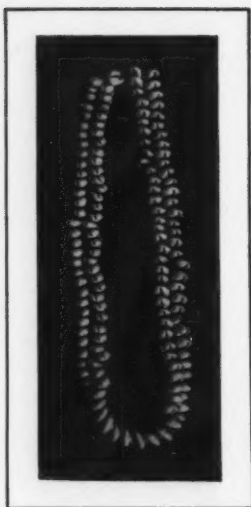


CARNEGIE

Magazine



ANCIENT DINOSAURS IN A MODERN SETTING



Necklace of cowrie shells, which were used as money in early China and in many islands of the South Pacific.

The Early Chinese Economy

DURING the Manchu Dynasty—approximately 1644 to 1838 A.D.—China was largely an agricultural country, as it still is. Yet various local crafts and industries were common, such as the working of gold and silver; carving of wood, ivory and precious stones; manufacture of pottery; spinning and weaving of silk.

From very early times, some form of currency or “money” was employed by the Chinese. Among the earliest types were cowrie shells, which the people held in superstitious awe. This “shell money” was used throughout many islands of the Pacific, as well as on the mainland. Often, the shells were strung on fibers to form a necklace, so that the wearer became a sort of traveling bank.

Later, metal coins came into use. But their value was so small that it took thousands of them to purchase a piece of porcelain or a strip of silk. So merchants began to issue drafts against supplies of these coins, to minimize the shipment of actual money between towns. From this beginning, banks developed and issued bills that were circulated locally as money. Then they began to receive deposits, make loans and assist in the transfer of government funds. Thus, the Chinese were one of the first peoples to develop the beginning of a modern banking system.

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Calendar of Events

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

4400 FORBES STREET, PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA

TUESDAYS 10:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.

OTHER WEEKDAYS 10:00 A.M. TO 5:00 P.M.

SUNDAYS 2:00 TO 6:00 P.M.

CAFETERIA OPEN FOR VISITORS TO THE BUILDING

LUNCHEON 11:00 A.M. TO 2:00 P.M., WEEKDAYS

SNACK BAR: 2:00 TO 7:00 P.M., WEEKDAYS; 2:00 TO 5:30 P.M., SUNDAYS

DINNER 6:00 TO 8:00 P.M., TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS

CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH

WEEKDAYS 9:00 A.M. TO 9:00 P.M.

REFERENCE SERVICES UNTIL 10:00 P.M., WEEKDAYS

SUNDAYS 2:00 TO 6:00 P.M., REFERENCE SERVICES ONLY

Institute and Library open to the public every day without charge

TUESDAY EVENING SERIES

Music Hall, 8:15 P.M.

Admission only by Carnegie Institute Society membership card, until 8:10 P.M.

Hall opened to nonmembers at 8:10 P.M.

February 6—JAMAICA—ISLAND OF CONTRASTS

James B. Pond, colorful president of the Circumnavigators Club and former president of the Adventurers Club of New York, will show color motion pictures of "the most beautiful island in the world."

February 13—CARNEGIE TECH STUDENT CONCERT

The very fine student symphony orchestra and chorus under direction of Frederick Dorian will present rarely heard sacred and secular music, including compositions of Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, and Hugo Wolf.

February 20—THE RED CENTER OF AUSTRALIA

Alfred M. Bailey, director of the Denver Museum, will take the audience to the red desert in the center of Australia, with an expedition sponsored by his Museum and the National Museum of Victoria.

February 27—THE PAGEANT OF PERU

Clifford Kamen's color pictures will range from the ancient Inca dwellings and gold mines on high plateaus, to the Amazon basin with its wealth of resources, lying beyond the inaccessible Andes.

FOREIGN POLICY DISCUSSIONS

Five current questions relating to our nation's foreign policy will be considered by groups under the auspices of the Carnegie Library and the Foreign Policy Association, to meet at the Central Library and Brookline and Homewood Branches. The discussion leaders include Albert B. Martin and J. Warren Nystrom of University of Pittsburgh, Thomas Hale Hamilton and

ANCIENT DINOSAURS IN A MODERN SETTING

Carnegie Museum's unparalleled collection of giant dinosaurs takes on new impressiveness as the planned rehabilitation of Dinosaur Hall approaches completion. With their massive bones silhouetted against colorful walls, "Dippy" the Diplodocus, the world's most famous dinosaur, Apatosaurus, his much stouter companion, and Tyrannosaurus, the biggest meat-eater of all time, instill in the visitor a feeling of awe.

Further improvements planned for this Hall are a complete change in the lighting techniques with the elimination of all ceiling fixtures and the spot-lighting of the dinosaurs from base-concealed units, the construction of new bases of simulated rockwork for Diplodocus and Apatosaurus, and a complete relabeling of all specimens in the Hall. Suggestions from readers of CARNEGIE MAGAZINE regarding the things they would like to know about these dinosaurs will be most welcome as new labels are being prepared.

Channing Liem of Pennsylvania College for Women, and Preston B. Schoyer, novelist.

Registration closes February 20 and may be entered at the Downtown Branch Library as well as the three meeting places. The discussion groups will be held five Tuesday evenings, beginning the 27th, at Homewood Branch; five Wednesday evenings, beginning

BEQUESTS—In making a will, money left to Carnegie Institute, Carnegie Institute of Technology, or Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh should be covered by the following phrase: I do hereby give and bequeath to (Carnegie Institute) or (Carnegie Institute of Technology) or (Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh) in the City of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.Dollars

MEMORIALS—Carnegie Institute is prepared to receive contributions given by friends in memory of deceased persons in lieu of floral tribute, and to notify the deceased's family of such gift. The amount of the contribution will not be specified unless requested by the donor.

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the 28th, at Brookline; and five Thursday evenings, beginning March 1, at Central Library. The only cost is \$2.00 per person or couple for the discussion booklets.

ITALIAN PAINTINGS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Seventeen Italian paintings from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries, lent by the Metropolitan, are being circulated by the American Federation of Arts and may be seen at the Institute from February 1 through 22. A list of artists and paintings is given on page 49.

FRENCH CONTEMPORARY PRINTS

Prints by five living French artists—Jacques Villon, Georges Rouault, Pablo Picasso, Henri Matisse, and Raoul Dufy—continue on display on the Hall of Sculpture balcony through February 18. They are discussed by Virginia Lewis on page 57.

JAPANESE PRINTS

Japanese prints from the Carnegie Institute permanent collection follow the French prints on the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture, being shown from February 21 through March 25.

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS ANNUAL

The forty-first annual exhibition of painting, sculpture, and crafts by the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh will be held in three third-floor galleries at the Institute from February 9 through March 8. The awards will be announced at a preview the evening of February 8. The jury on admissions and awards consisted of Leon Kroll, Max Weber, Abraham Rattner, John Hovannes, and Doris Hall. The Associated Artists exhibit will be open from 2:00 to 10:00 P.M., weekdays except Saturdays, when the hours are 10:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M., and Sundays, 2:00 to 6:00 P.M.

LAWRENCE B. SAINT DRAWINGS OF STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

The Lawrence B. Saint collection of drawings in color of stained glass windows of the Middle Ages in England and France, owned by the Institute, will be on exhibit from February 1 through March 4.

BOOKSHELF FOR YOUTH ABROAD

A display of books selected for the CARE-UNESCO children's book fund is being shown in the Boys and Girls Room of the Library.

A GLANCE AHEAD AT THE ART EXHIBITS IN THE INSTITUTE FINE ARTS GALLERIES

HALLMARK ART AWARD PAINTINGS
March 8—April 1
(Evening preview—March 8)

PITTSBURGH SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART
Thirty-eighth Annual Exhibit
March 16—April 15
(Evening preview—March 16)

EDVARD MUNCH EXHIBITION—PAINTINGS AND PRINTS
April 4—22

RAOUL DUFY

An exhibition of Raoul Dufy's work in the United States, consisting of about thirty-five canvases and watercolors, will be shown at the Institute from March 1-18, with an evening preview on February 28. An admission fee will be charged for benefit of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation.

ADULT ART AND CRAFT CLASSES

February 19 is opening date for the ten-week spring semester of courses for adults planned by the division of education at the Institute. The courses, which include painting and drawing, weaving, photography, fly-tying, linoleum and wood-block printing, serigraphing, metalwork, with the instructors, fee, and dates, are listed on page 63.

FROM THE LAND OF THE DRAGON

Chinese textiles and costumes from the Museum Collection go on display early this month. These include costumes of Chinese and Manchu women, Imperial dragon robes of officers and lesser nobles, hangings from the palace of the last Empress Dowager, and Kingfisher feather jewelry.

SUNDAY ORGAN RECITALS

By MARSHALL BIDWELL

In Music Hall, each Sunday, 4:00 to 5:00 P.M.
Sponsored by the Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation

FOR THE CHILDREN

Story Hour at the Library
Each Saturday, 2:00 P.M.

MOVING PICTURES IN LECTURE HALL
Each Saturday, 2:30 P.M.

PRE-SCHOOL STORY HOUR

Alternate Tuesdays, 10:30 A.M.

with a talk for mothers at the same time

February 6—Charlotte G. Pease speaking

February 20—Rose Demorest

ART BROADCASTS

TUESDAYS AT 6:45 P.M., FROM WCAB

Gordon Bailey Washburn is interviewed by Victoria Corey on current local art exhibits and on art subjects generally. Recordings of recent talks with famous European artists are included: February 6, with Dunoyer de Segonzac; 13th, with Marie Laurencin; 20th, with Graham Sutherland; and on the 27th, with André Lhote.

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ON the north fork of the Feather River in California, Pacific Gas and Electric Company has placed two new dams ... Cresta Dam and Rock Creek Dam. The huge drum gates for these dams, and the bridges directly above them, required 4,380,000 pounds of steel. They were fabricated and erected by United States Steel—further proof that only steel can do so many jobs so well.



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I Know What I Like

By GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN



THE phrase, "I know what I like," is sometimes the self-satisfied response of those who make no effort to understand either the form or the content of art, and have no intention of applying themselves to the task. It is a deprecatory phrase that seeks at one blow to reduce the whole history of human communication to a negligible heap of dust. It is the irresponsible answer of the isolationist who wishes to deny the fact that art stands upon the shoulders of art, as men stand upon the shoulders of men.

A catch phrase, it is popular in our time as an expression of equality, proclaiming as it does that one man's opinion is as good as another's and that there is neither depth nor mystery, neither spiritual growth nor illumination in human life. The cultivation of the individual, it is implied, his ageless search for truth, may be dispensed with inasmuch as there are no certainties and no proofs.

This destructive attitude is reflected in our day by numerous critics, as well as by various artists, although these should be the last to be affected by it. Neither of these unwitting victims of the doctrine of leveling feels it necessary to refer at any time to the achievements of the past, whose values and ideals have been buried as useless impedimenta. Such critics assert that they like or dislike this or that work of art, but give no explanations for their choice and offer no references to any standards or values within the humane traditions.

Similarly certain artists, regarding all traditional material as irrelevant to their own "originality," tend increasingly to offer empty decorations whose only function is to amuse the eye with novel retinal experiences. "Exciting" sensations such as these—exciting only to the body's appetites—have thereby come to replace conceptual or imaginative forms. Taste, the appeasement of the senses, has already triumphed in such works over spiritual

creation in which sensation is transfigured by thought and feeling.

The animals, also, know what they like. But it is the special privilege of man to endeavor to know and understand himself, to comprehend his world and to seek to unravel his relationship to it. This painful search for truth, this wrestling with the Lord, is both his fate as well as his birth-right.

By reason of this unremitting spiritual hunger which drives him into the fullest exercise of all his powers, man can make claim to a life infinitely superior to that of the beasts, no matter how often, as an individual, he may settle for animalistic or even vegetative alternatives.

Artists and laymen alike have sometimes succumbed to a regime of sensuous refinements, a diet conducive both to mental comfort and to the amusement of the palate. But such a "deal" with life—con-



WAR HATED BY MOTHERS

Aquatint No. 52: "Miserere et Guerre"

By GEORGES ROUAULT

(In the current print show at the Institute)

stantly dependent for its stimulation upon the excitements of novelty—is a far cry from the course chosen by the human beings upon whom civilization depends. For them, in contrast, there is no comfort unless it be to know that they are exerting themselves unceasingly. Their moments of ease are only for the sake of recuperation; and their energies are best and most often renewed by the vital struggle itself.

The true artist, as history reveals him, is not he who helps us to make our escape out of the torments of life into a sensuous cul-de-

sac, but rather he who helps us to escape into the fullest awareness of life and its conflicts. The escape he offers us is an escape from our baser inclinations—from our constant impulse to hide, to run away. His resolutions of these universal conflicts are the new steps which he has painfully cut for us into the sheer wall and ascent of reality. The peace his art offers us—through the resolutions of these conflicts within the new order of the works themselves—is not the siren's peace of forgetfulness and irresponsibility. Rather it is a peace of reconciliation in which the frightful precipice of chaos is scaled by love and intelligence, the most powerful and active forces at our human command.

The coherence that such an artist achieves is not won, therefore, by his adroitness in side-stepping the issues of reality, but rather by his courage and honesty in meeting them head-on. Through his hard-won adjustments to life, as expressed in his formal solutions, we may ourselves participate in the outlook he has won for us. To the degree that he has achieved mastery over the contradictory elements of life, we too have



THE GIANT
Etching by Goya de Lucientes

achieved it, though his vision be only a single and fragmentary step toward a larger realization.

Through the true artists' efforts we escape from our own self-betrays and enter into the heart of the battle. There we find that the work of art represents a containment of warring forces. These are held in equilibrium by the power of the imagination to lift action out of its content in life, and to transform physical realities into spiritual equivalents. It follows that such art, if born of great talent, or even of genius, demands

from us the fullest exercise of our human perceptions, straining our attention and understanding to the utmost. Since, for its maker, the work has been a supreme effort—expressive in symbol or form of the artist's adjustment to a common mystery, the mystery of life itself—we are not expected to treat it as a mere beguilement, an inconsequential ornament. Such a work does not deserve the fate offered it, either by the homemaker or the interior decorator whose characteristic response, if any, is to match its tones in the draperies and wallpaper and thus to "build a room around it." Poor Van Gogh!

Most people, a sage has said, when they say "I know what I like," mean "I like what I know." Not wishing to be disturbed within the nest of the familiar, these people only respond to that material which they have already accepted as innocent of all challenge, of all threat to security. They, themselves, have found a way of hiding from the major issues of life, whether through anesthetizing action or inaction. Conflict is abhorrent to their carefully regulated vacuum. Innocuous decorations, empty of moral or spiritual



THE PAINTER ON THE ROAD TO TARASCON BY VINCENT VAN GOGH
Kaiser Frederick Museum, Magdeburg

content, are naturally welcome. Having contracted their own lives and insulated their contacts with the world, they enjoy only arts or ideas from which all dynamic life has been carefully eliminated. Thus they choose only those dry and contracted images from which its maker's fears or self-love have drained all free-flowing juices, and wherein they have closed all open or expansive forms and banished all incomprehensible or threatening forces.

Yet, fortunately for all of us, there are always those who are willing to accept their responsibility as human beings. These, the true artists, whether in science, in philosophy, in history or in the arts, minutely examine the seamless fabric of past and present for those clues that may reveal a new approach to the human dilemma—to the enigma of life. These are the true heroes, and it is thanks to their ceaseless efforts that we continue to develop and to preserve a spiritual life. They do our fighting for us, while we pretend that the fruits of their victories have fallen into our laps by mere chance or deservement. Moreover, not realizing what

these achievements actually represent, we are capable of tossing aside such golden apples from the Hesperides, while proclaiming that, so far as we are concerned, "we know what we like."

Of course we know what we like! And we do not like it difficult. Not one among us but would abdicate his role as a human being—at his moments of weakness—for a paradise of painless pleasantries. No one wants to be a hero, and most of us very adroitly avoid the birthright which has been so incomprehensibly thrust upon us. Yet it is likewise clear that any real peace of body or mind which we can claim is actually achieved by a Goya or a Rouault, a Lavoisier or an Einstein, a Plato or a Whitehead, a Thucydides or a Toynbee.

These are the human beings who stand between us and chaos. Nor could they have achieved their illumination, were they not constantly supported by a host of appreciative and emulative co-workers. The cultural structure which humanity has erected and upon which we are privileged to stand is like a submerged island constructed and supported by the expendable bodies and souls of innumerable builders. For this task each one of us counts, though we may never expect, either now or later, to open our eyes on the clear light of day.

Mr. Washburn became director of fine arts at Carnegie Institute this autumn. Former director of the Museum of Art at the Rhode Island School of Design, and before that, at the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, he has been abroad the past year on a Guggenheim fellowship, making a study of contemporary art trends and of art museums in Europe. He is a graduate of Williams College and of the Fogg Art Museum course at Harvard.

TECHNOLOGICAL EDUCATION AT CARNEGIE

II. THE TEACHING OF HISTORY

BY A. A. GILMORE

The second of three articles discussing the working out of the Carnegie Plan, presented by three heads of departments at Carnegie Institute of Technology.



WHAT students need most from history is the ability to bring to bear on their own problems and those of the society in which they live whatever controlled mental habits and skills the historians have developed to carry out their function. Knowledge of historical detail and the ability to talk with facility about the problems of the past are relatively unimportant to a student. Whether he is to be an engineer or scientist or, in fact, just an ordinary human being who desires to live his life well and to take his place in his community, what the student wants is not only an answer to some past situation but also an intelligent guide for present and future action. At the same time he should develop in his history courses an interest that will continue after graduation and that will enable him to go on learning from the reading of history and from his experience with present social problems.

The goal of the history courses at Carnegie Tech is, therefore, so to train the student that he will have both the interest and the ability to make intelligent judgments in the broad field of social relations. The history courses seek to accomplish this by helping each student acquire that sense of connectedness in time and that broadly applied and disciplined skill of analysis that is characteristic of a good historian. This means the ability and the habit of analysing situations in terms of all of the important aspects of human experience, of dealing with the whole story, not just one part. It also means developing skill in distinguishing between fact and inference, and in weighing evidence. A great deal of rote-learning about particular events in the past is not of much importance in attaining this goal. What is important is the ability to use historical knowledge

independently, critically, and effectively.

These primary purposes require that the subject matter of the freshman history course, for example, be deliberately restricted to providing a coherent account of the evolution of western civilization. There is no attempt to "survey" or "cover" the subject in the manner of routine textbook courses. The course procedure is the performance by the students of exercises with this limited subject matter. On the principle that one learns by doing, by finding out for oneself, rather than by being told, the students are placed in situations where they practice such historical skills as weighing evidence, making valid generalizations, deciding for themselves what facts are important and relevant to their problem, and planning and carrying out investigations.

An example chosen from the seventh week of the course, which is concerned with the period of the Italian Renaissance, will illustrate this procedure. In this exercise the student is first asked to read selections from the *Autobiography* of Benvenuto Cellini and from Machiavelli's *Prince*. At the same time he is sent to examine a small gallery exhibit of reproductions of Renaissance paintings, put together for this purpose. He is then required to select one item from Cellini, one from Machiavelli, and one from each of two paintings such that the four together have something in common. For instance, he may find four cases in which an act of religious significance is performed. Cellini falls on his knees to pray, Machiavelli appeals to God in behalf of Italy, the main subject of one painting is the Crucifixion and of another the Adoration. Lastly, the student is asked to make a statement relating his four items to the period of the Italian Renaissance as a whole. Was it, for example, a period in which a great religious revival took place? Perhaps, on the

contrary, these are exceptional cases, or, properly interpreted, will show a declining rather than an increasing interest in religion. The student must try to decide these questions by himself; he is asked to write down his four items together with his generalization and submit the paper to the instructor for grading and criticism.

These papers are discussed at length in the next class meeting. At this point in the course the student has already learned the difference between fact (his four cases) and inference (the interpretation of their significance). As to the former he has precise and demonstrable certainty: the cases are either exactly as he says or not; he is either right or wrong, there is no middle ground. As to the latter, the students work out for themselves in discussion some of the factors which govern the soundness of a generalization. They learn that an individual instance must be interpreted in its total context; Machiavelli's appeal to God must be understood in the framework of his generally irreligious or unreligious attitude. Similarly the student discovers that in generalizing from his four instances he is in fact deciding and asserting that they are typical of something. His decision, in turn, depends in part on checking his cases against other cases. In part it depends on his own insight, or perhaps on his own preconceived notion of what the Renaissance was like. He may have believed there was a religious revival, and that is why he sought, and to no one's surprise, found these particular instances.

It may be of interest to describe how this exercise was carried one step further this year. After the assignment on the Renaissance had been completed, the class was

sent to visit the current Carnegie International Exhibit and asked to repeat the assignment. In the main, while the students tended to overgeneralize on insufficient evidence about the Italian Renaissance, the opposite was the case for the twentieth century: they were reluctant to generalize at all about their own society on the basis of the Carnegie exhibit. The students felt they and our society had little in common with the artists who had painted these pictures, which they saw as so many isolated cases. Class discussion brought out pretty clearly the fact of the difference of their treatment of the two periods, and certainly made some of the students aware, as they had not been previously, of the difficulties of making historical generalizations. They also discovered that their own society can be analyzed and understood by applying the same techniques used in analyzing the past. To look at a modern painting as a fact providing evidence about the modern world was to many a completely new and enlightening experience.

In much the same way in other parts of the course the student is asked to perform other exercises, which are in fact the operations that anyone performs in making a historical judgment. In the earlier part of the year the exercises are refined and simplified so that they fall easily within the limits of the student's ability at that time. Later these and similar exercises are repeated and new processes are added, until at the end of the year they are as complex as the making of judgments in real-life situations. But as the exercises have increased in difficulty, so have the student's abilities become more sound and sure. It is as easy, or, if you prefer, as difficult, to learn history this way as any other.

As those will realize who have read E. W. VerPlanck's article, "Education for Engineering" in the January issue of *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*, this is all part of a general program of engineering education. The engineer's capacity for orderly and intelligent thinking should not be restricted merely to his technical and scientific interests; it should also characterize his activity as a man and as a citizen. Indeed the meaning and value of what he does as an engineer must always be judged

Dr. Gilmore, who is professor and head of the history department at Carnegie Institute of Technology, received his A.B. degree from Amherst in 1935 and his doctorate from Harvard in 1942. He was a member of the Amherst faculty for five years before coming to Carnegie in 1948. He has served also as visiting lecturer in history at Smith College.

He is a member of the Research Council of the Medieval Academy of America, has done research in the history of scientific and critical methods, and has published several studies in these fields. During the summer of 1947 Dr. Gilmore traveled in Europe as an Amherst Memorial Fellow.

He is a member of the American Historical Association and Theta Delta Chi fraternity.

by its effect on human beings and on society. If he can be trained to develop a broad sense of cultural values, and if his mind can be brought to function in the humanistic and social fields as firmly and as soundly as in the scientific and technical, he will not only be a better man and a better citizen—he will also be a better engineer.

I would like to emphasize in conclusion the point that this type of history teaching is integrated with the teaching of science and technology. The ability to make intelligent judgments is essential to good

performance in each of these fields, and the criteria of intelligence are very similar. Hence, what a student does in the courses in one field reinforces and develops his capacity in the others. We in history are most concerned that he should see that there is a good, orderly, analytical way of proceeding in the field of social relations, and that he should acquire the habit, the ability, and the desire to use it. He should realize that a good professional style is common to all areas of disciplined human achievement, and he should come to possess that style.

Book Notes and Quotes

Compiled by ANN MACPHERSON

Let us now praise famous men . . . Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power: . . . Leaders of the people by their counsels. . . . All these were honored in their generations: and were the glory of their times . . . Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore.

Ecclesiasticus XLIV

This was, indeed, a true democrat, who grounded himself on the assumption that a democracy can think. "Come, let us reason together about this matter," has been the tone of all his addresses to the people. . . . To us, that simple confidence of his in the rightmindedness of his fellow men is very touching, and its success is as strong an argument as we have ever seen in favor of the theory that men can govern themselves.

Essay on Lincoln
from *My Study Windows*
By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the rest is in the hands of God.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON
*Speech to the
Constitutional Convention, 1787*

The names of those who in their lives fought
for life
Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre.
Born of the sun they traveled a short while
towards the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their honor.

*I Think Continually of Those
Who Were Truly Great*
By STEPHEN SPENDER

Avoid late and unseasonable Studies, for they murder Wit, and are very prejudicial to Health. The Muses love the Morning, and that is a fit Time

for Study. After you have din'd, either divert yourself at some Exercise, or take a Walk and discourse merrily, and Study between whiles. As for Diet, eat only as much as shall be sufficient to preserve Health, and not so much or more than the appetite may crave. Before Supper, take a little Walk, and do the same after Supper. A little while before you go to sleep read something that is exquisite, and worth remembering; and contemplate upon it till you fall asleep; and when you awake in the morning, call yourself to an Account of it.

—DESIDERIUS ERASMUS
(1466-1536)

The paintings that laughed at him merrily from the walls were like nothing he had ever seen or dreamed of. Gone were the flat, thin surfaces. Gone was the sentimental sobriety. Gone was the brown gray in which Europe had been bathing its pictures for centuries. Here were pictures riotously mad with the sun. With light and air and throbbing vivacity.

Last for Life
By IRVING STONE

For when one tries to sleep, one thinks of sleep; The brain keeps active and one has to lie Awake and think of darkness and the deep And let things keep a-running through his head About old books and poems he has read.

Man with a Bull-tongue Plow
By JESSE STUART

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet.

The Task
By WILLIAM COWPER



THREE SAINTS: ROCH, ANTHONY AND LUCY
BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA CIMA



PORTRAIT OF BENEDETTO VARCHI
BY TINTORETTO

THE ITALIAN PAINTINGS

THE Metropolitan Museum, from its great wealth of the art treasures of all times, has very generously permitted the American Federation of Arts to circulate under its auspices to American museums a series of traveling exhibitions. The first of these to come to Carnegie Institute is a group of seventeen Italian paintings. It will be their initial showing outside of the Metropolitan. The exhibition opens on February 1 and will continue through February 22.

In the exhibition no attempt has been made to show the influence of one school or another, but rather to present characteristic paintings of different artists from the great variety of schools that enriched Italian culture from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century.

The Department of Fine Arts, in pre-

senting this show of Italian paintings, is revising an old motto and is now saying, "Off with the new and on with the old!" Pittsburghers were privileged to see, in the 1950 International, contemporary, or rather, current Italian paintings. Most of these were painted in the great tradition, as for instance the representations of Giovanni Romagnoli and Felice Carena, but some of them were in, or tended to, the Fronte Nuovo delle Arti, as Renato Guttuso and Armando Pizzinato. In the paintings from the Metropolitan collection, the observer may note how far the current Italian painters have traveled from the fourteenth century.

No catalogue has been published for the show, but a list of the paintings in it, with the artists, titles, sizes, and media, is given on the opposite page. —J. O'C., Jr.

SEVENTEEN ITALIAN PAINTINGS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Displayed at Carnegie Institute February 1 through 22

<i>Title</i>	<i>Artist</i>	<i>Size and Medium</i>
Holy Family	IMITATOR OF BAROCCI (Federigo Barocci 1526-1612)	29" x 24" Oil on canvas
The Infant Moses in Pharaoh's Palace	BONIFAZIO VERONESE 1487-1553	10½" x 40¼" Oil on canvas
Portrait of an Old Man	GIULIO CAMPI c. 1502-72	32" x 28¾" Oil on canvas
Three Saints: Roch, Anthony and Lucy	GIOVANNI BATTISTA CIMA c. 1459-1517 or 1518	50½" x 48" Tempera on canvas
Saint Nicholas of Tolentino Reviving the Birds	BENVENUTO TISI DA GAROFALO c. 1481-1559	12¾" x 26" Oil on canvas
Saint Nicholas of Tolentino Reviving a Child	BENVENUTO TISI DA GAROFALO c. 1481-1559	13" x 25¾" Oil on canvas
Adoration of the Shepherds	L'ORTOLANO (Giovanni Battista Benvenuti) Before 1488-1525 (?)	19½" x 28¾" Tempera and oil on canvas
Portrait of a Young Man	LORENZO LOTTO c. 1480-1556	38" x 32½" Oil on wood
Portrait of Pope Clement IX	CARLO MARATTI 1625-1713	37¼" x 29¾" Oil on canvas
Esther before Ahasuerus	GIUSTINO MENESCARDI Known activity 1751-65	18" x 51" Oil on canvas
A Miracle of Saint Dominic	DOMENICO MORONE (?) c. 1442-c. 1518	14" x 17¾" Tempera on canvas
Scenes from the Life of Christ	UNKNOWN RIMINESE PAINTER Middle XIVth Century	26¼" x 15" Tempera on canvas
Landscape with Ruins	UNKNOWN ROMAN PAINTER First Half XVIIIth Century	29" x 39" Oil on canvas
Landscape with Ruins	UNKNOWN ROMAN PAINTER First Half XVIIIth Century	29" x 39" Oil on canvas
Portrait of a Man	SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO c. 1485-1547	47½" x 38¼" Oil on canvas
Portrait of Benedetto Varchi	TINTORETTO (Jacopo Robusti) 1518-94	43¾" x 37½" Oil on canvas
Portrait of a Woman	PAOLO VERONESE (Paolo Caliari) 1528 (?) - 88	46¾" x 39" Oil on canvas

From far Places



Heinz Collection Carnegie Institute

ONCE there was a strange little man who was no more than three feet tall. His high-domed head was almost half his height. A white beard feathered out across his chest. His ear lobes hung heavy with wisdom. And his spatulate thumbs bespoke a great age.

- It was rumored in the city where he lived that he could foretell the future. After he had been plied with food and drink he would strike his head and say, "I am a sage, and can bestow the gift of long life."

- One day an artist painted his portrait for the emperor, and the wise one was summoned to court. There he was regaled with princely pleasures until the mood of prophecy was upon him.

- Then he told of an ancient time, beyond the memory of man in the year 1086. Suddenly he vanished, but the light of the South Pole Star was seen to touch the palace. And the emperor knew then that his guest had been Fuku-roku-zin, star god of longevity, and venerated the portrait.

- A kind of Father Time, whose twinkling eyes reflected the philosophy of one who knew all and still smiled, the popular sage epitomized the old Chinese ideal of wisdom. Legends about him, such as this, abound; and his reproductions exist in every art form. Seldom, however, does one see a finer or more sympathetic version.

- This ivory is of a singularly pure, creamy quality. None of the striations, so often present in old figures, ruffle the surface sheen. Every detail is incise and sensitive. And so subtly has the material been handled that garments seem to undulate and the snowy beard invite a tender touch.

- Like all lively arts, today's eating habits are the cumulative experience of the past couched in modern terms. Fine foods such as the 57 Varieties, based on recipes culled from many cultures and prepared by modern methods, are an expression of contemporary wisdom.

CONTEMPORARY CONTINENTAL FICTION

BY KATE KOLISH



SINCE the end of hostilities in Europe a great amount of continental fiction has reached the American market. Among the foreign novels now featured in publishers' catalogues, the number, variety, and generally high level of quality of translations from the Italian are striking. Indeed, not since the fifteenth century, when Europe's southern peninsula led the world of art and letters, has there been such an output of literary works of quality in that country.

Few of the names now prominent were previously known in the United States; most of them are new even to their own countrymen. Riccardo Bacchelli, though, whose *Mill on the Po* was recently published here, wrote most of his epic twelve years ago; it failed then to attract the interest of American publishers. But in Italy itself, the story of the chaotic post-Napoleonic years and the tortured attempts to achieve national unity is already considered a classic. Bacchelli, one may point out, is one of the few Italian writers to steer clear of the discussion of present-day political issues; his gift is strictly that of historical narrative, while characterization in his work is less distinguished than his style.

Alberto Moravia had a small audience in America even before his most recent novels, *A Woman of Rome* and *Two Adolescents*, made him widely known. The influence of such American writers as O'Hara, Steinbeck, and Faulkner on his writing is obvious; he has a preference for rather disagreeable characters whose psychology he probes mercilessly and expertly. Like most postwar Italian writers, he has Communist leanings, though he is not overly concerned with world affairs. If Bacchelli's concern is the history of his country, Moravia's is the structure of the human mind and soul and their behavior under varying circumstances.

Ettorio Vittorini, known here for his *In Sicily*, with two more novels slated for publication, deals with the little man and

uses poverty to preach the gospel of the classless state. The background for Vittorini's novels, as for most works of the younger generation, is the war, the fall of Fascism, and a swing to the other extreme, to Communism. Somewhat similar in his outlook, though the better story-teller, is Pratolini, who also represents a definite trend in Italian novel-writing—the regional story. Carlo Levi, of course, is so widely known here for his *Christ Stopped in Eboli* that he hardly needs to be mentioned; perhaps one might point out that Levi, a Jew, is infinitely more universal in his thinking and application than any of his fellow writers. Berto, too, whose splendid *The Sky Is Red* is still widely read, needs no introduction to an American audience.

An entirely different novel, just now made available to the English-speaking world, is Nino Guareschi's *Little World of Don Camillo*. Hardly a novel, it is rather a series of thoroughly charming, witty, and compassionate scenes involving an old parish priest and the Communist mayor of his village. There is much wisdom and a good bit of political satire behind the seemingly slight book by a devout Catholic. It certainly is good to know that the Italians, unlike their neighbors to the North and the West, can laugh at their own political blunders and absurdities.

Miss Kolish has been in charge of the Public Affairs Room at Carnegie Library the past four years.

Born in Vienna, she attended the University and received her Ph.D. in Philology. In 1939 she went to England, where she had previously studied at Cambridge, and then came to America late the next year. After a variety of jobs she worked for an importer of German books for two years.

She entered the Carnegie Library School for the year's course, graduating in 1949, and then for a year was in charge of the James Anderson Room for high-school-age boys and girls before moving to the new Public Affairs Room. Miss Kolish is in close touch with many intercultural groups of the city and plans a variety of exhibits for the Public Affairs Room.

Any survey as limited by space as this will of necessity fail to mention names that might well deserve to be included. All that is here attempted is to give a sampling of the amazing vitality and variety of contemporary Italian writing. Before turning to other countries, one might summarize some of the most striking aspects: Italy's writers make no attempt—as do the French—to explain or apologize for their country's immediate past; none of them, with the exception of Silone, had to seek exile to continue writing as he wished to write; most of them are to some degree in favor of Communism. (One suspects that most of these new followers of Lenin are disappointed former Fascists.) Yet out of all these elements has come a harvest of splendid invigorating writing that promises to produce in the future from among so many good writers at least one truly great one.

Turning to France, one finds an entirely different picture. The challenge of the Nazi spirit and German occupation have dominated French writing for the last years. The literary scene is crowded with themes of violence, ugliness, and hatred. The most successful novels of the recent past completely ignore the French Resistance, which might well have supplied substance for a true epic. Frenchmen seem still to fight a nightmare and a guilt complex; unlike their Italian neighbors, the French have been unable to forget the political part their country played before and during World War II. While there is a renaissance in Italy, there is decadence in novel-writing in France. The most striking characteristic of the French writer today is his feverish attempt to answer the intellectual temptations Nazism posed for his country. Even Existentialism, considered a French development in philosophical writing, has its true roots in the metaphysical-mystical style so typical of Germany. Most of the current French novels are strangely cold and impersonal; there is an overemphasis on intellectualism, which destroys any story. Then too there is in French writing an affectation of coarseness which is basically alien to the national character. Utter frankness in sexual matters, minute probing of spiritual as well as physical relations between man and woman,

these are French; but the prevailing preoccupation with masochism, sexual inversion, vice and torment, is not. Nor can this be explained as a result of the wide influence of American writers on French literature. The same writers are read in other countries, and in all probability exercise a certain amount of influence without such dire results. The French novel has had years of infertility and weakness before; one can only assume that it is going through another such phase, from which it will presently emerge to take its time-honored place in world literature.

There are, of course, novelists of stature in France today. Perhaps the most outstanding one is Albert Camus, best known for his half-symbolical, terrifying but never despairing *The Plague*. Camus is one of the few old-line French writers to demand that man never lose contact with his mother, the earth, and to disavow despair, declaring happiness the greatest victory of all.

Much discussed, controversial, but beyond doubt gifted is Sartre. He, like so many others, delights in the disgusting and considers humanity all but lost. Yet he manages to paint pictures of mood, especially of the French GI, that are profound and moving.

One cannot speak of French fiction without mentioning Virgil Gheorghiu's *The Twenty-fifth Hour*. A Romanian by birth, he could not publish his book in his native country or language, for obvious reasons. It made its first appearance in French and is said to have had an immediate and tremendous success. Its characters are too much like symbols and not sufficiently human for it to be a truly great book; the whole story, that of man's inhumanity to man, is told in so dispassionate and coldly clinical a fashion that our emotions remain unmoved. Yet it is powerful as an indictment of our dehumanized and technologized society, and has validity as an outcry of warning and protest. It is, by the way, a long time since any Balkan writer achieved success comparable to Gheorghiu's.

Some of France's younger writers have escaped the lasting shadow of Nazi ideology, of Existentialism, and of contemporary scatology. One may look hopefully to such writers as Henry Bosco and

Marcel Ayme; one may also take reassurance from the fact that the old masters, Gide and Paul Valéry, are still at work, though not in the field of fiction.

A quick glance at Germany's literary scene shows a shocking lack of forceful new talents. New and remarkable works by well-known authors were scarce even before the arrival of the Nazis. The young writers who have tried to deal with the experiences of the last ten years have failed; powerful books on that period have come from the pen of emigrants, such as Anna Segher's *Seventh Cross* or Plivier's *Stalingrad*. There is extremely little available in translation, but even in the German original one finds few names of promise, although Elisabeth Langgasser and Reinhold Schneider seem to hold some promise. There are few works that are not mediocre in style, obscure in thinking, and aimless in their directive.

To be sure, some of the older masters have recently gained a certain reputation in America. Hermann Hesse, prior to receiving the Nobel Prize, was known to only a limited number of literary specialists; the reissue of his works and his most recent *Magister Ludi* have opened for him a wider audience which he, a master of the language and a "thinker free of German befuddledness" well deserves. Ernest Wiechert's *Forest of the Dead*, telling of his own experiences in Buchenwald, is still widely read and has led to requests for some of his novels. Here is not only a true poet but a man of outstanding civic courage so badly lacking in the average German. He possesses simplicity of expression and remarkable spiritual strength; his strong human characters are constantly engaged in a struggle with the commandments of the Christian faith.

One new German writer has recently been translated here and warrants a few words. Hans Werner Richter's *Beyond Defeat* tells the author's own experience as prisoner of war in an American camp. The hero of the novel, an anti-Nazi, we are told, is brutally persecuted by the fanatical Nazi inmates of the camp. That mistakes were made in placing Nazis and anti-Nazis in the same camp is undeniable, but these mistakes were later corrected and opportunities of self-education were offered to

non-Nazis. Of this Werner says nothing; his book is brimfull of hatred and dislike of the Nazis and Americans alike. It burns with the old flame of German nationalism and oozes with German self-pity. If this is a true picture of the German mind, and it certainly sounds like that, one shudders to think that America is considering the rearmament of western Germany. *Beyond Defeat* is an important book, surely not because of any literary merits but as a political document that should serve as an eye-opener.

If space allowed, it would be tempting, after having very briefly looked at those European countries where literature, if not blooming as in Italy, is still at least alive, to see why there is utter silence in other parts of the continent. Scandinavia, which gave Nobel prize-winners to world literature, has produced not one great name during or since the war. The Balkans are closed to us, so is Soviet writing. Czechoslovakia, home of the immortal soldier Schweijk, is silent. Austria, once leading in central Europe, produces only mediocre writings. Her great names—Werfel, Zweig, Lothar—are those of Jews now either dead or in exile. No new writers have taken the vacant places.

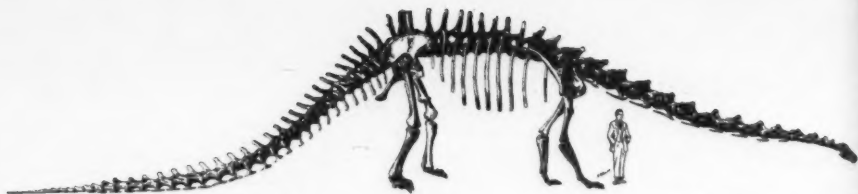
All theories about the why and "how come" of literary trends are speculation; we are too close to them to measure contemporary history against contemporary literature. But there is no little pleasure in following the course literature is taking in other countries, and it may quite often give a much truer picture of the people than any social or historical volume.

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RESTORATION OF THE SKELETON OF DIPLODOCUS CARNEGIEI

Memoirs Carnegie Museum

FOSSIL PARADE

I. THE BIG PLANT-EATERS

By J. LeROY KAY

CARNEGIE MUSEUM has long been famous for its Jurassic dinosaur collection. The most notable of these is the one named by J. B. Hatcher in honor of Andrew Carnegie, whose generosity made it possible to collect this and other related specimens in the collection. The word "Diplodocus" is taken from the Greek meaning "double-beam," and this particular dinosaur was so named because of the forked spines of the vertebrae. Ten replicas of *Diplodocus carnegiei* have been sent to as many countries as gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, so there is little doubt that this is the world's best-known dinosaur.

The skeleton in Dinosaur Hall at the Institute is a composite, that is, made up of the bones from more than one individual. It is seldom that a dinosaur is found in its entirety, and for this reason the missing parts are supplied from another individual or modeled from plaster or other media. The greater part of the skeleton was collected from the Morrison formation on Sheep Creek, in Albany County, Wyoming, by J. Wortman in 1899, and supplemental parts were collected by O. A. Peterson in 1900 at the same site. It was assembled in the old Exposition Building at the Point and in 1907 mounted in the Fossil Reptile Gallery at the Museum.

Exhibited with the *Diplodocus* is *Apatosaurus* (from the Greek meaning "deceitful lizard"), which was named "louisae" by W. J. Holland in honor of Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. The *Apatosaurus* is also known as *Brontosaurus*. *Apatosaurus louisae* was the first specimen collected from the Car-

negie Museum Dinosaur Quarry, now known as the Dinosaur National Monument, in northeastern Utah.

In August 1909 Earl Douglass discovered a series of six articulated caudal vertebrae exposed by weathering on a sandstone ledge, a few miles west of Split Mountain Canyon, Uintah County, Utah. On the following September first, Douglass with a crew of men began excavating this find, which proved to be a very complete skeleton. In excavating it, other specimens were uncovered, and during the thirteen years that Carnegie Museum worked this deposit seven hundred thousand pounds of fossils and the matrix surrounding them were shipped to Pittsburgh. A number of fairly complete large and small dinosaurs were found here, together with a number of skulls, which are rarely found with Jurassic dinosaurs. *Apatosaurus* was mounted beside *Diplodocus* in 1913, and



AN insistent demand from readers of *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* for "more paleontology" now results in a series of articles about the fossils—vertebrate, invertebrate, and plant—in the Museum collection. J. LeRoy Kay, curator of vertebrate fossils, leads off with this discussion of the best-known dinosaur in the world, the Museum's *Diplodocus carnegiei*, and its companion in Dinosaur Hall, *Apatosaurus louisae*.

Dr. Kay joined the Museum staff in 1915 in work at the Dinosaur National Monument in Utah, his native state, and has been digging and studying fossils ever since. His research in western United States and Canada is sponsored by the Childs Frick Corporation.



Memoirs Carnegie Museum

RESTORATION OF THE SKELETON OF APATOSAURUS LOUISAE

Carnegie Museum is the only institution that exhibits both of these dinosaurs.

To the casual observer these two skeletons may appear to be very much alike. There are, however, many differences in their structure. *Apatosaurus* is much the heavier although shorter. The skulls probably show the greatest difference. The skull of *Apatosaurus* is considerably larger. The teeth are fairly broad and spatula-shaped, whereas *Diplodocus* has small pencil-shaped teeth. They are both vegetable-eaters, but it has been suggested that they may have eaten mollusks as well. In several instances the matrix or rocks containing these dinosaur bones also contained a great number of fresh-water clam shells, and it is thought by some that from eating these shells the animals got the calcium required to build up such enormous bone structure.

I doubt that more than a few of the visitors to the Dinosaur Gallery in the Museum observe that two or more caudals; or tail vertebrae, of both these specimens are joined together. This occurs at a point about where the tail would reach the ground if the animal were to rear up on its hind feet, using its tail for a tripod—which it probably did, especially while in the water. This would bring a strain on these vertebrae which may account for the extra bone growth that caused the bones to coalesce. This is known as spondylitis deformans or might be thought of as arthritis of the vertebrae.

Diplodocus and *Apatosaurus* as well as many of the other dinosaurs probably spent a good part of their time in the water, where they fed upon succulent water plants and escaped their natural enemies, the carnivorous dinosaurs living at the same time. There are a number of anatomical features that suggest their semiaquatic habit. The external nostrils are

situated high on the head, which would enable the animal partly to submerge the head and still breathe. This is especially true of *Diplodocus*.

Dinosaur fossils are found on all the continents of the earth and they are found in both eastern and western United States. The greatest deposits of Jurassic forms are found along the Rocky Mountain chain. Of course, when the great dinosaurs were living, there were no Rocky Mountains. The area was a series of inland seas, rivers, and lakes. The plants were different, as was also the climate. It was not until the close of the dinosaurs' reign that the Rocky Mountains were thrust up and the country became somewhat like it is today. In fact, there were world-wide movements of the earth's crust with mountain-building at that time.

Some scientists believe that this mountain-building and the resultant changes of ecological conditions caused the extinction of the dinosaurs. This is only one of several theories as to their disappearance, and we may never know all the factors causing the extinction of these interesting animals that lived for a period of over one hundred million years of the earth's history.

Art and Nature Shop

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PRINTS BY FIVE FRENCH CONTEMPORARIES

BY VIRGINIA LEWIS

Fine Arts Department, University of Pittsburgh



A PRINT exhibition of considerable interest is now on view on the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture and will continue through February 18. Made up of seventy-four prints by five French

artists—Pablo Picasso, Georges Rouault, Raoul Dufy, Henri Matisse, and Jacques Villon, it provides an excellent opportunity for us in Pittsburgh to become better acquainted with these men whose work is already familiar to us in painting. The exhibition comes, except for two prints, to Carnegie Institute through the courtesy of the George Binet Gallery in New York, whose intelligent interest in print-making is most commendable. They are concerned with the work of old masters but with equal enthusiasm undertake to bring before the public, both in their own exhibitions and in those that they circulate to museums and galleries, the best they can discover in contemporary expression. Two of the prints, *Head of a Young Girl*, a lithograph by Picasso, and *Still Life with Nuts*, etching and drypoint by Jacques Villon, are lent by Mrs. Duncan Phillips.

While the etchings by Picasso are only studies and relatively unimportant works, one sees a mastery of line achieved by subtle variations of handling characteristic of that period in his career when the calm placidity of the ideal classical figure seemed to be foremost in his thoughts. It is interesting to note that, of these six prints, one is of a sculptor, another of a painter before his easel. Possibly the *Nude Seated, Surrounded by Sketches of Animals and Men* is a preliminary to his famous etching *Minotaur-machia*. In the lithographs a more

decorative use of the line is made. But a kinship of feeling for its pictorial power is demonstrated in the examples by these two contemporaneous French masters of such differing philosophies.

A more purely intellectual interest in line one finds in the work of Jacques Villon, and these twenty-four etchings and drypoints by him will help to give us in Pittsburgh much more understanding of his approach to visual expression than could the one painting *The Thresher*, which won first prize in the 1950 Pittsburgh International. Villon, who first received recognition in America in 1913 at the Armory Show, has in the past two or three years been very much in vogue. In spite of a profoundly scientific interest in color he has done considerable work on the copper plate in black and white. Much of his engraved work has been reproductive after the designs of Picasso and Matisse. In this respect he follows some of the great print-makers of the past, such as Marcantonio Raimondi in the sixteenth century, the French seventeenth-century portrait engravers, and the eighteenth-century reproductive color printers. But Villon's etchings



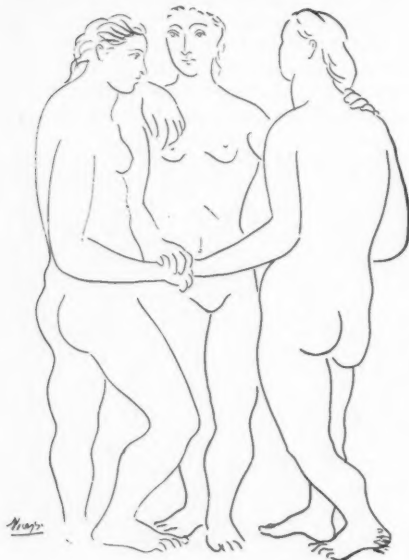
DACQUERROTYPE No. 1

Etching and drypoint by Jacques Villon

and drypoints of original design are an intriguing phase of his work. The delicate line and burr of the drypoint he has especially mastered. His extraordinary use of crosshatching in bringing out his design and at the same time screening it, is remarkable. In his cubist renderings of faces, figures, still lifes, one is aware of a mathematical precision following an ideal and, as we know from his own statements, it is that of the golden sector—a theory of design based upon the mathematics of a geometrical progression which when plotted as a graph produces the spiral form of nature. An especially good example is the *Portrait of Mademoiselle Georg* where variations in planes, a combination of realism and cubism in style, results in strength of portraiture. In contrast, hanging nearby, is *Madame Renault*, in which the technique is more open and a seemingly loose and disintegrated handling of parallel lines, cross-hatching, and series of loops define to a certain extent an even more penetrating characterization. Outstanding too are *Nude Fixing Her Hair*, and *The Hand Which Punishes*, showing Villon's realization of the curve as well as that of cubes and rec-



FULL FACE OF A WOMAN
LOOKING TOWARD THE LEFT
Engraving by Henri Matisse



THREE FRIENDS
Etching by Pablo Picasso

tangles. Villon has in his time run the gamut of eclecticism, but even his work that is derivative has a certain individual quality. One might mention *The Call of Life—Young Women*, with an emphasis upon highlights like that of Tiepolo; or the watercolor or aquatint, *Woman Seated*, in the manner of Rodin, with the pose of a Mary Cassatt; or *The Merry Go Round, Rue Caulincourt*, with all the charm that is French and which must be Villon's. In *Daguerreotype No. I* he is experimenting with the classical style of J.A.D. Ingres and this etching and drypoint could almost be a cubistic rendering of the *Stamary Family*. But of course it was Cézanne and Seurat whom Villon chose to follow in even what appears to be a "prismatic" treatment of blacks and whites, and as Maurice Raynal has said . . . "through his engravings he learned to visualize a world that would move while lying exposed to the brilliance of a light that is static."

Contrasting in spirit, in philosophy, style, and technique is Georges Rouault, of special interest to us in Pittsburgh because of his *The Old King* in the permanent collection, a painting of great spiritual strength. The thirty-four prints in the

present exhibition cover a wide range of his work in black and white and in color. Well represented are several series, outstanding among them the *Miserere et Guerre*. According to Rouault himself the greater part of these subjects were first sketched in the form of Chinese ink drawings about 1916 and later transformed into paintings at the request of Ambroise Vollard, Rouault's famous publisher, who also had them transferred to copper plates. These were printed in 1922-27 but were withheld from the market and later Vollard destroyed the plates. In 1947 Rouault recovered the etchings and they have now been published as a series by Theodore Schempp in New York. Remarkably moving from this series included in the exhibition are those entitled *This Will Be the Last, Little Father; Out of the Depths; War Hated by Mothers*. The themes are of the sorrow and tragedy of conflict and struggle. Technically they are extraordinary with more emphasis on color and tone than upon line. While the technique poses a number of problems it is basically a combination of photomechanical and hand processes. The study in gouache or oil has

been transferred by a photoengraving process, just as in the case of the halftone or photogravure, to the copper plate. Thus the actual brush strokes, the three-dimensional quality of the paint, have been photographed onto the copper plate.

Another series executed in the same technical process is *Les Réincarnations du Père Ubu* represented here by *The Negro Porter*. This book, the text of which is by Ambroise Vollard, is a sequel to the *Ubu Roi* by Alfred Jarry with music by Claude Terrasse, originally conceived in 1896 for marionettes but later performed by living actors. The mosquelike palace of the fantastic King Ubu of Poland became for Rouault in these illustrations an architectural image which has recurred in a number of his works, and appears in prints of the *Passion* series as a kind of idiomatic background.

The *Passion* is another of his works included in the exhibition with a text by André Suarès and illustrated with seventeen color etchings and eighty-two wood engravings. The wood engravings, as in those of the *Réincarnations*, have been

(Turn to page 61)

ALWAYS ON THE JOB

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RAOUL DUFY IN AMERICA

By GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN

Director of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute



RAOUL DUFY

Department has ever undertaken. Its beneficiaries will be the many sufferers of arthritis for whom Dufy wishes the same relief from paralysis that he has gained during his present visit to our shores. An admission fee of fifty cents, twenty-five cents for students, plus tax, will be charged. Proceeds from this exhibition will go to The Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, whose Western Pennsylvania Chapter is sponsoring an evening preview on February the twenty-eighth.

It will be remembered by those who have been reading *Look*, *Life* and *Reader's Digest*, as well as other news sources, that this famous and ingratiating French artist was invited by Dr. Freddy Homburger of the Tufts Medical School to come to America for the ACTH and cortisone cure. A picture of Raoul Dufy in a magazine, showing the seventy-three year old artist in his wheel chair, had brought his crippled condition to the attention of the doctor. A letter to Dufy's French dealer, Louis Carré, brought the grateful artist himself, who entered the Jewish Memorial Hospital in Boston last April. As a result of these beneficial treatments, Dufy has found it possible to resume his painting and thus about thirty-five canvases and watercolors are being shown in Carré's New York gallery and in Boston before they are flown to Pittsburgh.

Like those great impressionist painters, Boudin and Monet, as well as his own contemporaries, Othon Friesz and Georges Braque, Raoul Dufy came from Le Havre.

COMMENCING March first and continuing for three weeks, the water colors and oils that Raoul Dufy has been painting in America will have a special showing at Carnegie Institute. In response to Dufy's own request, this display will be a benefit, the first which the Fine Arts

It was natural that he should love the sea and its traffic, and that his art should derive from the fresh outlook of the impressionist school. But in Paris, where he continued his studies in 1901, Dufy discovered new heroes. There he encountered the intensely personal vision of Van Gogh, the architectonic canvases of Cézanne, and the liberating imagination of Matisse. Matisse, an intellectual leader, was attracting a small but vigorous coterie of painters, including Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, Van Dongen and Marquet, who would shortly shake the entire continent with their departures from convention. Known by 1905 as *Fauves*, that is, "wild beasts," they launched an expressionistic art that is still a major aspect of the modern movement in all parts of the world.

The *Fauve* point of view, which Dufy has continued to retain, holds that art, at best, transmits the temperament of its maker to the beholder. Like Matisse's temperament, Dufy's is pleasure-loving, witty, and sanguine, and it is implacably opposed to sadness, ugliness, and the



SKYSCRAPERS



BROOKLYN BRIDGE

tragic muse. When asked a year ago to explain the role of art in life, he replied: "To render beauty accessible to all, by putting order into things and into thought. My eyes were made to efface that which is ugly." To the same interviewer, (R. W. Howe, in *Apollo*, August 1950) who asked him what problems he was occupied with at the moment, he answered: "Those of all my life: first to paint, then to philosophize." . . . "Everything in my paintings," he explained, "comes from reality; the realists, the surrealists, and myself each seek our own reality. One must create a world of things that one does not see." In other words, Dufy's task has been to make the invisible images which his imagination constructs out of experience visible to the rest of us.

Much as Dufy has loved the old masters, such as Claude Lorraine, he has realized that the failure of the academician is evidence of the uselessness of attempting to continue in the older traditions of picture-making. Nevertheless, in his work we may see the survival, not only of values but also of techniques, from earlier modes of expression. From Jongkind and Cézanne to Matisse and himself, there is a clear line of development in the use of the transparent stroke, or splash of color, to contain and suggest the ceaseless mobility and interpenetration of light waves. And in Tintoretto and Guardi, masters of the

rhythmic interplay of human figures in motion, we see forerunners of Dufy's cursive shorthand to capture fluctuating forms.

However, this is not all. Like others among his charmed contemporaries, Dufy's imitators have found that his art is deceptively simple. This is because they have failed to realize that its backbone is not technique but personal character. Dufy's power of enchantment resides in himself. He has firmly sought his own individual vision, and finding it, has developed it consistently. From seeking to be true to himself

and from recognizing his own limits, he has won that brevity and sureness of touch which must destroy forever the realist's cliché known as "correct drawing." For Dufy, that drawing alone is "correct" that is true to the artist's inner nature and in accordance with the character of his emotional integration. His is the calligraphy of self-knowledge, and its exercise is a function of his own joyous adjustment to life.

FRENCH CONTEMPORARIES

(Continued from page 59)

executed by Georges Aubert of Paris.

The technique of his color prints is even more complicated than that of the black and whites. Four impressions from a print called *Bitter Sweet*, arranged together in a case in the exhibition, attempt to show the stages in the process of printing in color. The first at the left is an impression from the key plate, the others, impressions from the various plates used for each of the colors. These have been done in aquatint and the entire method is similar to that used in the eighteenth century. An esthetic interpretation of Rouault's work without his painting would be difficult. However, his prints in the present exhibition reveal his remarkable technical facility and, what is more important, his compassion for humanity.

The exhibition as a whole is exciting.

DON'T BE A DODO!

By ROBERT R. YOUNG



At the circle drive entrance of Carnegie Institute is a sign which reads "Art and Craft Studios" and points to a stairway leading to several rooms in the basement, under the Music Hall. These rooms, and at times laboratories in other parts of the great building, have become the scene of activities of the year-and-a-half-old adult education program of the Institute in arts and crafts. All these activities are based on the premise that age has little to do with ability to learn, and that the pleasure of learning advances as one matures.

Several floors up, hung in two galleries of the Department of Fine Arts, are some examples of the accomplishment by the people who have begun to make use of the new courses and facilities the Institute is providing. The walls of two galleries are lined with drawings, paintings, sketches and photographs; numerous cases contain examples of weaving, fly-tying, and nature-study projects. In fact, about three hundred examples representing over one hundred individuals have been displayed. The exhibit is not an art show in the tradition of selected works, but is a representation of works done under instruction as lessons or experiments to further the workers' knowledge and skill. The exhibit has many values beyond the accomplishments of the individuals represented, since it presents for the first time a chance for the public to see and evaluate the efforts of the division of education in adult training. As you know, a grant from the Howard Heinz Endowment makes possible this and other

phases of our educational program.

It is not the desire of the writer to discuss or describe individual paintings or to review an art show in the traditional way. First, it should be stated that this is no childish attempt at teaching people little pleasant inanities about art. We are attempting to give fundamental material in a serious manner, and that seems to be what the students wish. Second, we start in the most elementary way—no one need feel that he will be embarrassed by his lack of knowledge or unfamiliarity with artistic jargon.

One of the fascinating studies we have made is analyzing the kind of students and their reason for joining the classes. Naturally, many have wanted to draw or paint since childhood but may have had little opportunity in the busy periods of their youth. With families matured, or with retirement from business presenting them with leisure time, they can now pursue their dormant interest. Those in this general group seem to have the greatest fun—and perhaps take the greatest pride in what they do. So many people over



STUDENTS FROM THE ADULT ART AND CRAFT COURSES HELP PREPARE FOR THEIR CURRENT EXHIBIT AT THE INSTITUTE

sixty seem resigned to the false idea that theirs must be past accomplishment. They are supposed to be useless to business and dodos to their families, but here they find they can surprise themselves and regain respect from friends and families. Many have told me: "My children are simply amazed at what I'm able to do, and never have to worry about my being bored with life"; or something like, "You know, I am just now beginning to actually see things."

A number of our students have come to the classes because a doctor has advised them to develop an active hobby—get away from thinking about yourself, is the basis. Work as the way to overcome sorrow and loss is demonstrated over and over again in the lives of many of our students.

You may have noticed that I am not talking about pictures, even though many very interesting ones, even some abstractions, grace the walls of the two galleries in the Fine Arts Department where the exhibit may be seen, but that I am explaining the other values. Pictures or works speak for themselves and they are only the by-products of a program of this sort. We are concerned with broadening of outlook, the rejuvenation of interests, even with the elimination of lonesomeness. Many persons living somewhat solitary lives in apartments or hotels find enjoyment in the association they find in the classes, which brings me to an amusing point. Every art critic with whom I have talked about the exhibit has mentioned the gayety of the color, the brightness of the show; in short, the pleasure in the work is easily discerned by anyone who looks beyond the subject matter of the painting. One locally prominent critic felt the portraits were particularly interesting, especially some self-portraits painted by women who said they had never before given themselves a serious look in the face.

Naturally, this sort of program ultimately depends upon the caliber and per-

sonality of the instructors, and here I wish to pay tribute to the fine spirit and work of all the staff. Fifteen instructors with varying backgrounds and philosophies but all co-operating to accomplish our aims have made possible whatever success may be read into the exhibit.

ARTS AND CRAFTS COURSES

Ten-week term beginning February 19

DRAWING AND PAINTING

Beginner's Drawing and Painting

Monday, Wednesday, Friday, afternoon and evening; Tuesday afternoon

Instructors: E. P. Couse, Mavis Bridgewater, Marty Wolfson, Harry Scheuch, Robert R. Young
Tuition: Society members \$7; nonmembers \$14.

Beginner's Experimental Color

Wednesday evening

Instructor: Daniel L. Kuruna

Tuition: Society members \$4; nonmembers \$8.

Principles of Color and Design

Tuesday evening

Instructor: Joseph Fitzpatrick

Tuition: Society members \$5; nonmembers \$10.

Portrait and Figure Drawing and Painting

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, evening

Instructors: E. P. Couse and Harry Scheuch

Tuition: Society members \$8; nonmembers \$16.

Advanced Portrait and Figure Drawing and Painting

Tuesday and Thursday afternoon

Instructor: Robert R. Young

Tuition: Society members \$8; nonmembers \$16.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Beginner's Photography

Monday evening

Instructor: James W. Ross

Tuition: Society members \$8; nonmembers \$16.

Portrait Photography

Wednesday evening

Instructor: Arthur Swoger

Tuition: Society members \$8; nonmembers \$16.

Elementary Darkroom Techniques

Tuesday evening

Instructor: Arthur Swoger

Tuition: Society members \$10; nonmembers \$20.
Laboratory fee.

HANDCRAFT

Silk-screen Printing

Thursday evening

Instructor: John Regan

Tuition: Society members \$7; nonmembers \$14.

Linoleum and Wood-block Printing

Friday evening

Instructor: John Regan

Tuition: Society members \$7; nonmembers \$14.

Beginner's Metalwork

Thursday evening

Instructor: Matthew Doyle

Tuition: Society members \$10; nonmembers \$20.
Laboratory fee.

Fishermen's Fly-Tying

Thursday evening

Instructor: Roland W. Hawkins

Tuition: Society members \$4; nonmembers \$8.

(Turn to page 65)

Mr. Young is supervisor of adult education at Carnegie Institute. A graduate of Carnegie Tech, for seven years he conducted his own commercial art studio in Pittsburgh and he has painted many portraits and murals in this area. For two summers he directed the art work at Chautauqua Institution, for two years was painting instructor at Ohio Wesleyan University, and for a year was district representative for The Pennsylvania State College.

WALDO PEIRCE ENTERS THE PERMANENT COLLECTION

By JOHN O'CONNOR, JR.

Associate Director of Fine Arts at the Institute

COLORFUL, legendary, Renoiresque, the last of the Bohemians, lusty, gusto, robust, breath of fresh air, boisterous, Rabelaisian: be they nouns, adjectives, or phrases, these are all words for Waldo—Waldo Peirce, to be exact, of Bangor in the State of Maine. He has just entered the permanent collection of Carnegie Institute by way of a gift. The painting *Gemini at Bath* has been presented to the Department of Fine Arts by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lowenthal of Pittsburgh.

The canvas is no stranger in the permanent collection, for it has been hanging as a loan from the now generous donors since 1943. It was the artist's representation in the 1931 International, and it was purchased the next year by Philip Lowenthal of Cincinnati. It hung in his home until it was sent to Carnegie Institute in 1938 for the one-man show of Waldo Peirce, an exhibition of paintings, water colors, and lithographs which included ninety-eight items. At the death of Philip Lowenthal in 1942, it was left to his son, Alexander Lowenthal, who lent it to Carnegie Institute.

Gemini at Bath is oil on canvas. It is 68 inches in width by 52 in height. It is signed in the lower right corner with the familiar monogram W² and it is dated 1931. While it was painted in the United States, the sketches for it were undoubtedly made in France in 1930. The scene is Waldo's flat in Paris two months after the twins were born—Bill, baptized Chamberlain after his grandfather, and Michael, known as Mike. Waldo, in a sweater and blue denim trousers, is sketching with unbecoming dignity and ease—unbecoming to him, that is, while the Irish nurse is drying off one of the babies and Alzira lifts the other from a folding bathtub. It is a colorful but busy, even fussy, canvas, for there is something doing in every nook and corner of it. Even the walls are exciting and alive. There are three paintings by Waldo on them, the most important of

which shows Waldo in person throwing the bull for the benefit of his friend Ernest Hemingway. They have not been friends in vain, or perhaps it should be said that they are friends because of common interests. Neither one of them would resent the statement that Waldo paints on canvas and with water color on paper what Ernest writes on paper or in his notebook. At least it can be said that no one would be a better illustrator for Ernest Hemingway's stories than Waldo Peirce, though to the best of my knowledge they have never collaborated. To return to the canvas, the floor is carpeted with a red and green Brussels. There is a marble mantel with piggy banks, animals, and flowers on it, a radiator and two small beds, one pink and the other blue—evidently due to a miscalculation or wishful thinking on the part of Waldo. He did get a little girl later in the person of Anna.

This is probably the first canvas of the twins, whom their father continued to paint in and out of season until they became the best known, or at least the most portrayed, children in the United States. They are now about of age, and certainly if Waldo can get them together, which may be very difficult, for a long enough time for a sketch, he will continue to portray them in his own inimitable way. *Gemini at Bath* discloses that he is the most effortless of artists: by its color—reds, greens, blues, and browns, by its spontaneous technique, and by that sheer joy of living that is expressed so well in many of the works of Waldo's master, Renoir. There is nothing artificial, precious, or pretentious about this picture, or for that matter about any that come from his brush. Painting is as much a part of his being as play is the part of a child's. There is every indication in his work that he has a mighty good time doing it. He said so himself recently: "For me painting is something of a toy shop—something to play with." He is the most natural of human



GEMINI AT BATH

beings, and the subjects he selects for his paintings and water colors are the most natural ones that could occur to an artist—the other persons about him, his family in particular, as in the *Gemini at Bath*, their amusements and recreations, their home life, friends, his countryside, and, to be sure, the country fair and circus. While he would probably not put it just the way Grandpa Vanderhof did, I think I can hear Waldo Peirce say in his paintings: "Life is simple, and kind and beautiful if you let it come to you."

Last fall the Farnsworth Art Museum in Rockland in his native State of Maine staged a big retrospective show of his art. Waldo had it coming to him. And then at sixty-five he has hacked—there is no other word for it—off his famous beard. He did this once before in his very strenuous life when in 1915, before Verdun, his, with some three million beards, was shaved off, for it had been found that gas masks would not fit otherwise. Waldo, with or without the beard, is still the most genuine of painters and of human beings. It must be admitted, however, that the great beard

did strain and purify his colorful flow of language. His conversation is as colorful as his canvases!

The painting *Gemini at Bath* continues to hang in its place in Gallery C. The only change is a new label or tablet which conveys the thanks of all Waldo Peirce's friends, especially the folks 'way down in the State of Maine, to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lowenthal of Pittsburgh for their generosity in enlivening one of the galleries at Carnegie Institute.

ARTS AND CRAFTS COURSES

(Continued from page 63)

- Beginner's Taxidermy
Wednesday evening
Instructor: James Kosinski
Tuition: Society members \$4; nonmembers \$8.
- Weaving
Thursday evening
Instructor: Lois I. Clifford
Tuition: Society members \$7; nonmembers \$14.

NATURE STUDY

- Explorer's Club
Tuesday evening
Instructor: W. LeRoy Black
Tuition: Society members \$4; nonmembers \$8.

THE CASE OF COMRADE TULAYEV

COMMENTS ON THE RECENT NOVEL BY VICTOR SERGE

By SOLOMON B. FREEHOF



It is difficult to understand the phenomenon that occurred toward the close of a recent congressional session. A bill was passed by both houses of Congress.

The President vetoed it with a strong message. The President was not alone in his opposition to the bill. Both the F.B.I. and the State Department considered the bill dangerous. Nevertheless, in spite of the President's veto and in spite of the fact that this was near an election time, the members of his own party joined with the members of the opposition party to overthrow the President's veto and pass the bill. It was the Communist Control Bill.

It is evident that the members of Congress, who decided to defy the opinion of the F.B.I. and the State Department and, in the case of the majority of them, even of the head of their own party in an election year, were moved by very deep emotional power. They felt that the American people wants a very strong Communist Control Bill. What is it that has so stirred the emotions of our people and has shaken its sense of self-confidence that it has given us this strong feeling of impending danger?

In the first place, our sense of national security at home has been shaken by spy trials. After being uncertain for some time whether to believe or not to believe the various spy charges, after telling ourselves that those who make the charges are trustworthy or untrustworthy, as our sentiment preferred, we now saw definite evidence of spies in high places in our country. This disturbed the sense of at-home security which all people must have for national peace of mind.

The spies refocused our attention on the Communist Party. A great labor organization, helped by members of that party in its original development, now felt the need of getting rid of the members of the Communist Party for its own survival. In

addition, the great trial in the city of New York of the leaders of the Communist Party revealed a type of brutal, shameless, contemptuous behavior on their part that disturbed the American people deeply.

Thus, behind the spies we began to be steadily aware of an alien party. What annoyed us about the alien party was that its partisans were not aliens, but Americans from every section of our country, from every racial element which composes our population, from every religious affiliation, from every social level, who have been recruited for this organization, and their aims and devotions are far from American prosperity and the welfare of our country.

We wonder, and we are just beginning to articulate our wonder, what diabolic power it is that can attract Americans of all types into this small party, make them enemies of their own people, use up all their life in a sternly disciplined machine, and turn them into outlaws willingly and proudly. Why have we not that power to win such fanatics all over the world? If Communist power is so dangerous in our great country where it is still a minor phenomenon and if it disturbs us so deeply with the sense of danger, what must it be like in some countries where it polls thirty, forty, fifty per cent of the vote and sometimes near a majority? Really: "a spectre is haunting the world." It is a world-wide force of fanatical devotees, indefatigable, utterly given over sacrificially to a cause.

The center of this fanaticism is Russia. This great power which we suddenly see as being strong enough to send waves of emotional disturbance over every country in the globe has now openly shown its power by sending one of its Communist groups into actual battle against the world, as we have seen in Korea. We have seen these fanatics fight fiercely and even after defeat stay behind our armies and conduct an underground rebellion.

Our growing emotional reaction to the immense world power of the Soviet Union would not necessarily have awakened as much terror in us, in spite of the spies, in spite of the various Communist annoyances in our country, if Russia itself had not brazenly changed its face toward us. Suddenly we, whose intentions in the world have been generous, are branded as imperialists by the very country which actually has so greatly increased its own area. We who have given the freedom to the Philippines and are taking no land area for ourselves and are supporting our armies of occupation by our own expense and not by living off the country as the Russians do, we who take nothing and give everything, we are being slandered all over the world as the "imperialists and the Wall Street enslavers." We are shocked, cannot understand such slander from erstwhile allies, from people whom we had reluctantly learned to admire, and with regard to whom in wartime there can be cited compliments from almost every responsible American leader. We had to overcome a prejudice to like them and we did it. Now suddenly they have turned against us in world-wide insult and we are hurt.

This combination of being worried by danger and hurt by sudden unexpected insult builds into an emotional power which can undermine our strength and endanger the world. One difficulty in coping with this mood is our inexperience. The experience which our generation now has of confronting a mysterious implacable power whose shadow has darkened the world for almost every nation, is quite a new experience. We had never really believed that the Nazis would actually conquer the world, but Russia really seems to us to be able to do so if it continues at its present rate of expansion. Such a feeling we have not had before in our lifetime, nor have our grandparents. Even Napoleon could not penetrate Asia, much less reach Moscow. The last experience with an actual world-threatening power was with the thirteenth-century Mongols.

In ancient times, of course, mankind had many such experiences. The world was small and accessible and there was always one great power that could conquer almost all of it. In the Book of Daniel there is

perhaps the most famous description of the danger of one nation's conquering the world and casting fear into every heart. The Biblical picture has left its mark on our daily speech. It depicts a great statue, an idol, with a forehead of gold, with arms of brass, and with legs of iron, but with feet of clay. A stone comes, as the Book of Daniel says, "not cut out by human hands," from nowhere there comes a stone and hits this mighty statue on the feet of clay so that it topples and is broken.

The principle behind this picture is that there is always some weakness inherent in any world-girdling ambition. That weakness is sometimes at a crucial spot. Hands of clay could be broken off and the animal live on. But with feet of clay, once struck it cannot stand. We may therefore take for granted, or at least speculate that this immense power of our time, with its fanatical followers all over the world, has inherent weaknesses. The only question is are these weaknesses "feet of clay?" Are those crucial weaknesses upon which the stability of the whole structure depends? It is difficult to answer this rather wishful question because Russia keeps itself mysterious and that too is one of the sources of its strength.

The most powerful description of possible weaknesses in the immense Russian structure comes not from statisticians and not from engineers and not from agriculturists discussing the Russian food supply, but from novelists—specialists in the emotions of man, searchers into the mind and heart. It is from the literary artists that we are beginning to get the first deep look into Russia. Whether these authors are right or not, the future will show; but the implications of such writings, usually by ex-Communists who turn to literature, is that the fatal weakness is not so much "feet of clay" as "soul of clay," and that the deep heart of the whole vast Soviet system is not living muscle but crumbling earth. If this is really so, or to the extent that it is so, it is good news for the safety of the world.

Such books by novelists are not yet too many, but those that have appeared have been remarkably strong. Koestler of course is in the lead with his *Darkness at Noon*, and then a few such literary men writing

in symposium, Ignazio Silone in Italy and André Gide and Koestler again in the collection of spiritual essays called *The God That Failed*. Here we are discussing one of the most extraordinary of such searches in the heart of Russia, a book by Victor Serge, a pseudonym. Serge was an interesting person, one of the old-time revolutionists who adhered to the cause of Trotsky when Stalin was in the ascendancy and, therefore, was exiled to Siberia. But André Gide and others managed to get him free, and he began his life of wandering. He started this book in Paris, continued it in many cities of his exile, and died just recently in Mexico City. The book is a description of what he considers to be the inner incurable weakness of the Russian state. He bases it upon the "purge-trials" and calls it *The Case of Comrade Tulayev*.

A novel to be good needs at least two qualities. Its characters must be real and they must also be relevant. That is to say, the people described must be recognizable as individuals, not merely as types. Also they must have a meaningful place in a larger setting. Novels fail in one or the other of the two tests. Now, Victor Serge (I do not know this old revolutionist's real name—it does not make any difference because he is safely dead) has produced a real novel. The characters are persons: Erchov, the Security Police head; Rublev, the old scholar; Makeyev, the heavy-fisted peasant; all of them are recognizable individuals, even Popoff, the old "spider." Serge shows us these older Bolsheviks as unique persons. They are forever changed by their dreams and their discipline. Even when they escape from Russia they can no longer escape from their revolutionary selves and cannot live any more in the bourgeois world. They are bewildered souls forever.

Second, we see that their fate has a deep relevance. The old assassinations, by which the first Russian revolutionists in Czarist days made their violent gestures for freedom, have now been mechanized in the machine age. The whole Russian police system has been built up into a bureaucracy of death, a machinery of murder; and the motive behind it is fear, fear of each other. There is a mutual terror at the heart of the

great world-shadowing Soviet power. This self-terror may not be so great as Victor Serge describes it to be; but is surely real because, while Russia keeps other things secret, yet its purges, its successive mass killings, are plainly and constantly revealed.

We might now decide what the Russian strength is and what its weakness may well be. Its strength is in the idealism represented by the old Bolsheviks. They represented the beginnings of the revolution: its promise, its messianic vision of world justice. The weakness of Russia is their successors: the men who now hold power, the men who are afraid to be dislodged, the men who kill to maintain their strength. The basic difference is between the revolutionist as idealist and the revolutionist as bureaucrat.

We can now understand why the Communist influence spreads so rapidly over the world. Wherever it spreads it is in its first phase, in the phase of dreams, in the phase of hope, in the phase of struggle against manifest injustice. It is the Bolshevism as idealism. But the second stage comes very soon, Sovietism as bureaucracy. Therefore, as far as we as a free nation are concerned, we have the need to make it clear to the world that the element of strength, the great idealism, is not the exclusive property of Russia; that we are slandered when described as imperialist conquerors wishing to enslave, that our wishes are for world happiness too; but that with us there is never the second stage, that of the oppressive bureaucracy with secret police, the mass murder, and the purges. We, therefore, have something valuable to proclaim and can be more confident and strong.

A historian recently said that in these machine ages no revolutions can any more be achieved from below. They can only be achieved by fission from above. And that might happen. So far, the party has been strong enough to heal every wound which

Dr. Freehof is rabbi of the Rodef Shalom Congregation. This is the second of four articles to appear this year in *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*, derived from his short autumn series of book reviews at the Temple, which is a highlight in Pittsburgh's cultural life.

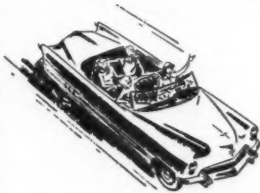
it, itself, has caused by its continual cases of Comrade Tulayev, by its mass murders. But some day a purge will be too violent, the bureaucracy of death will go too far, and the Soviet heart of clay will crumble. Whether that ever happens or whether, contrariwise, Russia will gradually cure itself of official terrorism, we still await the time when we can achieve decent co-operation with Russia. We will know when that time comes by facts and not by words. Whenever Russia ceases to be a secret land, whenever it is possible for travelers to travel through Russia, whenever Russia ceases to slander the United States, when the propaganda of hate is no longer fostered, whenever Russia ceases to feel the panic which creates these mass murders—then we will know that the time is ripe to achieve a comradeship with that great nation. The test of the world's safety will come when secrecy will end, the doors of slander will be silenced all over the world. The world will begin to be safe again when there will no longer be cases of Comrade Tulayev.

Among Our Friends

THE Pittsburgh Foundation has recently authorized a grant of \$5,000 from the Wherrett Memorial Fund for the support of Carnegie Museum exhibits, equipment, and publications, for a planning program of service to the people of Pittsburgh. In advising of the grant, Stanton Belfour, director and secretary of the Foundation, wrote: "This grant is made with the good wishes of the distribution committee of the Foundation for the work of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh."

The Buhl Foundation has made the second payment of its grant for publication and distribution of *Wild Flowers of Western Pennsylvania and the Upper Ohio Basin*, for which the text has been written by Director Emeritus O. E. Jennings, of the Museum, and the illustrations in color painted by the late Museum director, Andrey Avinoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond F. Moreland have presented \$250 to the Institute's Division of Education.



at 21
she had money
to burn!



She was a senior in college when she received the full inheritance from the estate of her parents who had died earlier. Quite inexperienced in financial matters, and with a youthful disregard of the future—she blithely bought every luxury that struck her fancy. Within a few years she was amazed to find her inheritance all but spent.

It's true that too much money can be a temptation for immature heirs. To make sure your heirs get the security and protection you have planned for them, why not consult us? Our services as executors and trustees assure the expert administration of your estate. We welcome the opportunity to discuss these services with you, your husband, and your attorney. Visit us, or telephone GR 1-9600, extension 669.

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